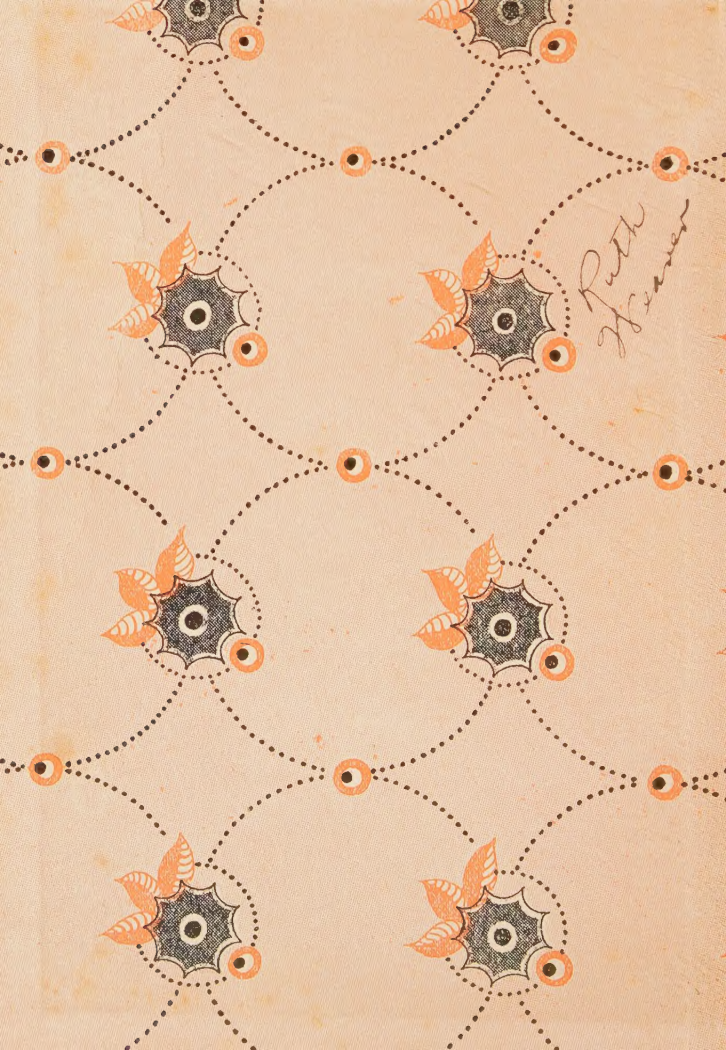
THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

EXPRESSING THE JOY OF GREAT WRITERS

Edited by

MARGHERITA OSBORNE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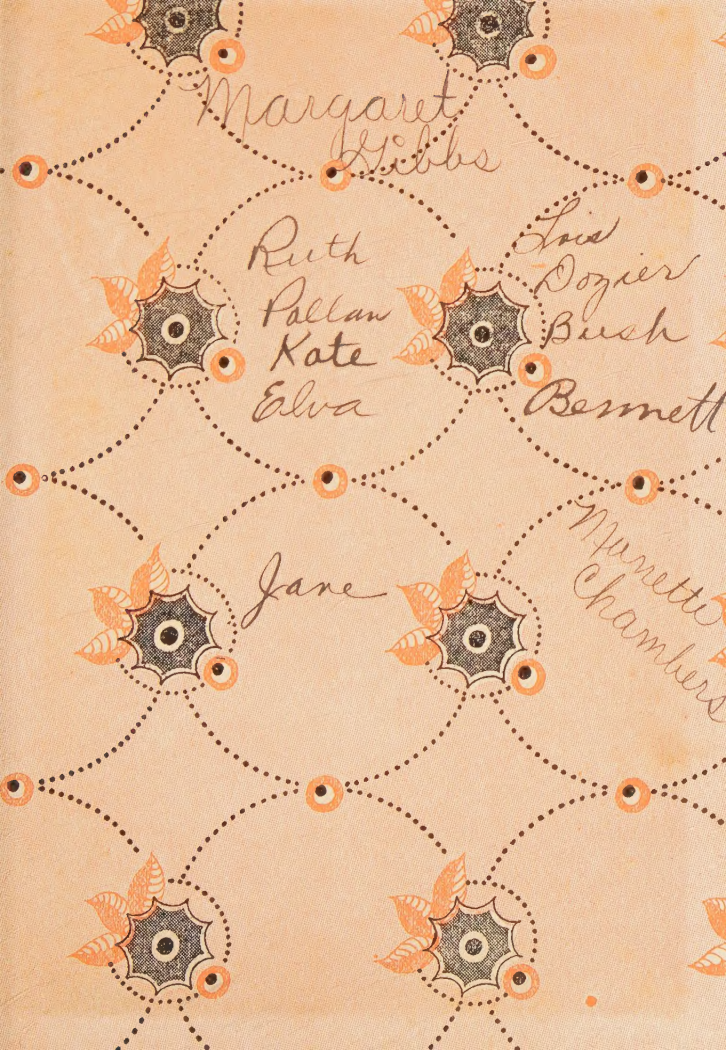
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MARGHERITA OSBORNE

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RECIPE FOR HAPPINESS

COMBINE four parts of Contentment, two parts of Joy and one of Pleasure. But these ingredients must be grown in one's own garden. Sometimes, not often, they may be obtained of a Good Friend. When so procured, a fair return must be made, else Happiness spoils and becomes trouble.

Sometimes Discontent and Ambition have been combined in a desire to obtain Happiness and Fame or Wealth have resulted, but Persons who have tasted these say that they are inferior substitutes.

—*Margherita Osborne*

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THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

WHAT is there given by the gods more desirable than a happy hour? *Catullus*—"Carmina"

HAPPY the man, of mortals happiest he,
Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free;
Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
But lives at peace, within himself content;
In thought, or act, accountable to none
But to himself, and to the gods alone.
Geo. Granville—"Epistle to Mrs. Higgins"

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.
Longfellow—"Song"

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

THE happiest of men were he who, understanding his craft and working intelligently with his hands, and earning competence and freedom by the exercise of his wits, found time to live by the heart and by the brain, to understand his own work and to love the work of God. —*Mme. George Sand*

BLISS in possession will not last;
Remembered joys are never past;
At once the fountain, stream, and sea,
They were,—they are,—they yet shall be.
Montgomery—"The Little Cloud"

I HAVE always said and felt that true enjoyment cannot be described. *Rousseau*—"Confessions"

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered the meter. —*Richard Realf*

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

YOU were made for enjoyment, and the world was filled with things which you will enjoy, unless you are too proud to be pleased by them, or too grasping to care for what you cannot turn to other account than mere delight. *Ruskin*—"Stones of Venice"

WOULDST thou wisely and with pleasure,
Pass the days of life's short measure,
From the slow one counsel take,
But a tool of him ne'er make:
Ne'er as friend the swift one know,
Nor the constant as a foe.

—*Schiller*

THAT load becomes light which is cheerfully borne.
Ovid—"Amorum"

MY debts are large, my failures great, my shame secret and heavy; yet when I come to ask for my good, I quake in fear lest my prayer be granted.

—*Tagore*

A CHEERFUL look makes a dish a feast.
Herbert—"Jacula Prudentium"

HE who sings frightens away his ills.
Cervantes—"Don Quixote"

A PHILOSOPHY is the house of the mind, and no two philosophies can be alike because no two minds are alike. But the emotion is the same, the emotion of expansive joy in a house not built with hands, in which the soul has made for herself a large and harmonious dwelling. —*Havelock Ellis*

THE twilight hours like birds flew by,
As lightly and as free;
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,
Ten thousand on the sea;
For every wave, with dimpled face,
That leaped upon the air,
Had caught a star in its embrace
And held it trembling there.
—*Amelia B. Welby*

IT is good
To lengthen to the last a sunny mood.
Lowell—"Legend of Brittany"

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

MAIDEN of the laughing eyes,
Primrose-kirtled, winged free,
Virgin daughter of the skies—
Joy—whom gods and mortals prize,
Share thy smiles with me!

—*Florence Earle Coates*

MEN do not avail themselves of the riches of God's grace. They love to nurse their cares, and seem as uneasy without some fret as an old friar would be without his girdle. They are commanded to cast their cares upon the Lord, but even when they attempt it, they do not fail to catch them up again, and think it meritorious to walk burdened.

—*Beecher*

AVOID greatness; in a cottage there may be more real happiness than kings or their favorites enjoy.

Horace—"Epistles"

WHO can enjoy alone?
Or all enjoying what contentment find?

Milton—"Paradise Lost"

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

CHEERFUL at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes.
Goldsmith—"The Traveller"

THE golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.
—*George Eliot*

THEY eat, they drink, and in communion sweet
Quaff immortality and joy.
Milton—"Paradise Lost"

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words,—health, peace, and competence.
Pope—"Essay on Man"

WHEN the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.—*Job XXXVIII*

THANKS to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
—*William Wordsworth*

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey, for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away:
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

—*Charles Kingsley*

LIFE, which all creatures love and strive to keep
Wonderful, dear and pleasant unto each,
Even to the meanest; yea a boon to all
Where pity is, for pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.

—*Edwin Arnold*

"COME, come," said Tom's father, "At your
time of life,
There's no longer excuse for thus playing
the rake.—
It is time you should think, boy, of taking
a wife."—
"Why, so it is, father,—whose wife shall
I take?" —*Thomas Moore*

FOLLOW pleasure, and then will pleasure flee,
Flee pleasure, and pleasure will follow thee.
Heywood—"Proverbs"

A CHEERFUL temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good-natured. *Addison*—"The Tatler"

FOR like a child, sent with a fluttering light
To feel his way along a gusty night,
Man walks the world. Again and yet again,
The lamp shall be by fits of passion slain;
But shall not He who sent him from the door
Relight the lamp once more?
—*Edward Fitzgerald*

THE man that loves and laughs must sure do well.
Pope—"Imitations of Horace"

CHEERED up himself with ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.
Butler—"Hudibras"

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

THE most completely lost of all days is that on which one has not laughed.
—*Chamfort*

BE merry if you are wise.
Martial—"Epigrams"

WE only ask for sunshine,
We did not want the rain;
But see the flowers that spring from showers
All up and down the plain—

We beg the gods for laughter,
We shrink; we dread the tears;
But grief's redress is happiness,
Alternate through the years."
—*Helen Whitney*

THE happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet.
And left to Heaven the rest.
—*John Vance Cheney*

AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see
So deep in my soul the prayer of devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee.
—*Moore*

THE house, where once a lawyer dwelt,
Is now a smith's. Alas!
How rapidly the iron age
Succeeds the age of brass!
—*William Erskine*

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it;
I said so once, and now I know it.
—*John Gay*

ONE inch of joy surmounts of grief a span,
Because to laugh is proper to the man.
—*Rabelais*

IT is better to desire than to enjoy, to love than to be loved. —*Hazlitt*

TRUE happiness
Consists not in the multitude of friends,
But in the worth and choice. Nor would I have
Virtue a popular regard pursue:
Let them be good that love me, though but few.
Ben Jonson—"Cynthia's Revels"

TO him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. —*Bryant*

"SO here hath been dawning
Another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?"
—*Thomas Carlyle*

THEN I commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry. —*Ecclesiastes*

HOW happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid pow'rless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude; he not in vain
Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose; on him the balmy dews
Of Sleep with double nutriment descend.
—*Armstrong*

TIME is
Too Slow for those who Wait,
Too Swift for those who Fear,
Too Long for those who Grieve,
Too Short for those who Rejoice,
But for those who Love
Time is not.
Van Dyke—"On a Sun Dial"

LET your life lightly dance on the edges of Time like dew on the tip of a leaf. —*Rabindranath Tagore*

WHEN Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
O, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adam-ant!
—*Thomas Moore*

AS is a tale, so is life: not how long it is, but how good it is, is what matters. —*Seneca*

TAKE joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Jean Ingelow*

TO make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Goodness smiles to the last.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

HOW singular is the thing called pleasure, and how curiously related to pain, which must be thought to be the opposite of it; for they never will come to a man together, and yet he who pursues either of them is generally compelled to take the other.

—*Plato*

HE that has light within his own clear breast
May sit i' th' centre and enjoy bright day.
Milton—"Comus"

ROMANCE

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.
—Robert Louis Stevenson

LAUGH and be fat.
John Taylor—Title of a Tract

THE most magnificent sign of wisdom is a continual cheerfulness: her state is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.

—*Montaigne*

RING out, wild bells—and tame ones, too;
Ring out the lover's moon.
Ring in the little worsted socks,
Ring in the bib and spoon.
Ring out the muse, ring in the nurse,
Ring in the milk and water.
Away with paper, pen and ink—
My daughter! O, my daughter!

—*George W. Cable*

HEALTH is the first of all liberties, and happiness gives us the energy which is the basis of health.

—*Amiel*

IF all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

Shakespeare—"Henry IV"

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flowerlike
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery.
Still climbing heavenward,
Never aweary;—

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;—

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;—

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;—

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

—*James Russell Lowell*

HASTE thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Milton—"L'Allegro"

WHEREVER in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate.

—*A. L. Waring*

AND frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

Shakespeare—"Taming of the Shrew"

UPON the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home;
The merry seamen laugh'd to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green sea-foam.

Scott—"Marmion"

FAR off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
And through the opening door that time unlocks
Feel the fresh breathing of tomorrow creep.

—*Longfellow*

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise. —*Longfellow*

THERE is always room for beauty: memory
A myriad lovely blossoms may enclose,
But, whatsoe'er hath been, there still must be
Room for another rose.

Though skylark, throstle, whitethroat, whip-poor-will,
And nightingale, earth's echoing chantries throng,
When comes another singer, there will be
Room for another song.

—*Florence Earle Coates*

SWEET are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent;
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown:
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

Robert Greene—"Song"

"I HARDLY ever ope my lips," one cries;
"Simonides, what think you of my rule?"
"If you're a fool, I think you're very wise;
If you are wise, I think you are a fool."
—*Richard Garnett*

HE who owns the soil, owns up to the sky.
—"Law Maxim"

FOR Solomon, he lived at ease, and full
Of honour, wealth, high fare, aimed not beyond
Higher design than to enjoy his state.
Milton—"Paradise Regained"

HOW sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.
For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply;
He is watchful, while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.
—*William Blake*

CARE to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
and every Grin, so merry, draws one out.
John Wolcott—"Expostulatory Odes"

CEASE to inquire what the future has in store, and to take as a gift whatever the day brings forth.
Horace—"Carmina"

WHAT sweet delight a quiet life affords.
Drummond—"Sonnet"

HAPPIEST they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.
—*Scott*

TIS expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.
Sir John Suckling—"Against Fruition"

THE great felicity of life is to be without perturbation.
—*Seneca*

O THE gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any:
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.
Izaak Walton—"The Compleat Angler"

NOT on the outer world
For inward joy depend;
Enjoy the luxury of thought,
Make thine own self friend;
Not with the restless throng,
In search of solace roam
But with an independent zeal
Be intimate at home.
Lydia Sigourney—"Know Thyself"

TIME for work,—yet take
Much holiday for art's and friendship's sake.
George James de Wilde—"Sonnet"

A THING seriously pursued affords true enjoyment.
Seneca—"Epistles"

WHEN the soul breathes through a man's intellect, it is genius; when it breaks through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love.
—*Emerson*

HERE'S a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate,
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for any fate. —*Byron*

JOG on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
Shakespeare—"Winter's Tale"

THE HAPPY MAN

HE is the happy man whose life even now
Shows somewhat of the happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose,
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has proved them vain,
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honors, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss
Whose power is such that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.
Not slothful he, but seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.

—William Cowper

THERE was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the River Dee;
He worked and sang, from morn to night;
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be,—
"I care for nobody, not I,
If no one cares for me."

Bickerstaff—"Love in a Village"

WE are in this life as it were in another man's home, in the world is our Inn: do not so entertain thyself in the Inn of this world for a day as to have thy mind withdrawn from longing after thy heavenly home.

—*Gerhard*

THE noblest mind the best contentment has.

Spencer—"Faerie Queene"

FROM compromise and things half done,
Keep me with stern and stubborn pride
And when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

—*Louis Untermeyer*

ONCE ON A TIME

ONCE on a time, once on a time,
Before the dawn began,
There was a nymph of Dian's train
Who was beloved of Pan;
Once on a time a peasant lad
Who loved a lass at home;
Once on a time a Saxon king
Who loved a queen of Rome.

The world has but one song to sing,
And it is ever new,
The first and last of all the songs
For it is ever true—
A little song, a tender song,
The only song it hath;
"There was a youth of Ascalon
Who loved a girl of Gath."

A thousand, thousand years have gone,
And aeons still shall pass,
Yet shall the world forever sing
Of him who loved a lass—
An olden song, a golden song,
And sing it unafraid;
"There was a youth, once on a time,
Who dearly loved a maid."

—*Kendall Banning*

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy—
I was once a barefoot boy!

—*Whittier*

RARE indulgence produces greater pleasure.

Juvenal—"Satires"

WHERE have they who are running here and there in search of riches such happiness as those placid spirits enjoy who are gratified at the immortal fountain of happiness.

—*Hitopadesa*

TRUE happiness is to no spot confined;
If you preserve a firm and constant mind,
'Tis here, 'tis everywhere.

Wynne—"History of Ireland"

MY mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

—*Aldrich*

THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;—
The happy days unclouded to their close;
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

Longfellow—"Holidays"

BE thou the rainbow to the storms of life!
The evening beam that smiles the clouds away
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!

Byron—"Bride of Abydos"

TEACH me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow.
The world would listen then,
As I am listening now. —*Shelley*

HIS home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.
Montgomery—"West Indies"

FROM labour health, from health contentment spring;
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
James Beattie—"The Minstrel"

WHETHER with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best.
Pope—"Essay on Man"

HE who will be great must collect himself; only in restriction does the master show himself.
—*Goethe*

AND I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward; from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers . . .
And laid my hand upon thy mane as I do here.
Byron—"Childe Harold"

MANKIND are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.
Sydney Smith—"America"

WE'LL therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudent to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
Nathaniel Cotton—"The Fireside"

DISCOURSE, the sweeter banquet of the mind.
Homer—"The Odyssey"

THE consummate pleasure in eating is not in the costly flavour, but in yourself. *Horace*—"Satires"

THERE is no treasure the which may be compared unto a faithful friend;
Gold soone decayeth, and worldly wealth consumeth, and wasteth in the winde,
But love once planted in a perfect and pure minde indureth weale and woe;
The frownes of fortune, come they never so unkinde, cannot the same overthrowe.

—"Roxburghe Ballads"

HEALTH, longevity, beauty are other names for personal purity, and temperance is the regimen for all.

—*A. B. Alcott*

INSPIRATIONS that we deem our own are the divine foreshadowing and foreseeing of things beyond our reason and control. —*Longfellow*

WHAT should a man do but be merry?

Shakespeare—"Hamlet"

THOSE who seek for much are left in want of much. Happy is he to whom God has given, with sparing hand, as much as is enough.

Horace—"Carmina"

NO man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage. Thou must live for another, if thou wishest to live for thyself. *Seneca*—"Epistolae ad Lucilium"

I HAVE drunken deep of joy,
And I will taste no other wine tonight.
Shelley—"The Cenci"

'TIS not the food, but the content,
That makes the table's merriment.
Herrick—"Content not Cates"

SOME credit in being jolly
Dickens—"Martin Chuzzlewit"

FIXED to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free.
Pope—"Essay on Man"

HAPPY he who far from business, like the primitive race of mortals, cultivates with his own oxen the fields of his fathers, free from all anxieties of gain.
Horace—"Epodon"

BUT human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when no real ills perplex them
They make enow themselves to vex them.
—*Burns*

MY heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thick-set fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.
Christina G. Rossetti—"A Birthday"

THINK of the man who first tried German sausage!
Jerome K. Jerome—"Three Men in a Boat"

WHO is the happiest of men? He who values the merits of others,
And in their pleasure takes joy, even as though 'twere his own. *Goethe*—"Distichs"

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

ALL human history attests
That happiness for man,—the hungry sinner!—
Since Eve ate apples, much depends on dinner.
Byron—"Don Juan"

I KNOW myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities;
A still and quiet conscience.
Shakespeare—"Henry VIII"

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds or mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.
Barry Cornwall—"The Sea"

GOD first made man, then found a better way
For woman, but his third way was the best.
Of all created things, the loveliest
And most divine are children. . .
—William Canton

IF you live according to nature, you never will be poor, if according to the world's caprice, you never will be rich. —*Seneca*

O HOUR, of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth,
The blessed hour of our dinners!
Owen Meredith—"Lucile"

EARTH laughs in flowers.
—*Emerson*

THAT man lives happy and in command of himself who from day to day can say I have lived. Whether clouds obscure, or the sun illumines the following day, that which is past is beyond recall. —*Horace*

CLING to thy home! If there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,
Unsavory bread, and herbs that scatter'd grow
Wild on the river-brink or mountain-brow;
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
Leonidas—"Home"

HE that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast.
—*Proverbs XV*

WE think a happy life consists in tranquillity of mind. *Cicero*—"De Natura Deorum"

IT is not, believe me, the act of a wise man to say, "I will live." Tomorrow life is too late; live today.
—*Martial*

MAN'S mind a mirror is of heavenly sights,
A brief wherein all marvels summéd lie,
Of fairest forms and sweetest shapes the store,
Most graceful all, yet thought may grace them more.
—*Robert Southwell*

I HAVE always said and felt that true enjoyment cannot be described. *Rousseau*—"Confessions"

REFLECT that life, like every other blessing,
Derives its value from its use alone.
—*Samuel Johnson*

THE pleasure-seeker is not the pleasure-finder; those are the happiest men who think least about happiness.

—*J. C. Sharp*

TO secure a contented spirit, measure your desires by your fortune, and not your fortune by your desires.

—*Jeremy Taylor*

AND my heart rocked its babe of bliss,
And soothed its child of air,
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,
To keep it nestling there.

Gerald Massey—"On a Wedding Day"

RING out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.

Tennyson—"In Memoriam"

SWEETS with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.

Shakespeare—"Sonnet VIII"

HAPPINESS seems made to be shared.

Corneille—"Notes par Rochefoucauld"

THEY set the slave free, striking off his chains . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.
They can only set free men free . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

—*James Oppenheim*

THERE is no place more delightful than one's own fireside. *Cicero's*—"Epistles"

ONE inch of joy surmounts of grief a span
Because to laugh is proper to the man.
Rabelais—"To the Readers"

I QUESTION not if thrushes sing,
If roses load the air;
Beyond my heart I need not reach
When all is summer there.
John Vance Cheney—"Love's World"

BE happy, but be happy through piety.
Madame de Staël—"Corinne"

WE thinke no greater blisse than such
To be as be we would,
When blessed none but such as be
The same as be they should.
William Warner—"Albion's England"

JOYS too exquisite to last,
And yet more exquisite when past.
Montgomery—"The Little Cloud"

IF you count the sunny and the cloudy days of the whole year, you will find that the sunshine predominates. *Ovid*—"Tristium"

SOME place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these.
Pope—"Essay on Man"

THE will of a man is his happiness.
Schiller—"Wallenstein's Lager"

THE rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business.
Aaron Burr—"Letter to Pichon"

JUNE

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;

The little bird sits at his door in the sun
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings.
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

—*Lowell*

FOR it stirs the blood in an old man's heart;
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.
N. P. Willis—"Saturday Afternoon"

NOR love, nor honour, wealth nor power,
Can give the heart a cheerful hour
When health is lost. Be timely wise;
With health all taste of pleasure flies.
Gay—"Fables"

SLEEP, riches, and health, to be truly enjoyed, must be interrupted.
Richter—"Flour, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces"

SING out my soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a happy bird will sing,
Beneath a Rainbow's lovely arch,
In early spring.
W. H. Davies—"Songs of Joy"

A MERRY heart maketh a cheerful countenance.
—*Proverbs XV*

THIS is the charm, by sages often told,
Converting all it touches into gold:
Content can soothe, where'er by fortune placed,
Can rear a garden in a desert waste.
Henry Kirk White—"Clifton Grove"

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
Byron—"Childe Harold"

CULTIVATE not only the cornfields of your mind, but the pleasure-grounds also. —*Whately*

FREEDOM all solace to man gives:
He lives at ease who freely lives.
John Barbour—"The Bruce"

PLEASURE soon exhausts us, and itself also, but endeavor never does. —*Jean Paul*

I'LL be merry and free,
I'll be sad for nae-body;
If nae-body cares for me,
I'll care for nae-body.
Burns—"Nae-body"

HEAVEN is in thy faith; happiness in thy heart.
—*Arndt*

AH, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?" —*Browning*

HAPPY the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Dryden—"Imitation of Horace"

"IF Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"
—*Shelley*

HE rideth easily enough whom the grace of God carrieth. —*Thomas à Kempis*

HE who is firm in his will moulds the world to himself. —*Goethe*

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent.
Longfellow—"Autumn"

AH, how good it feels!
The hand of an old friend.
Longfellow—"New England Tragedies"

ALL who joy would win
Must share it—Happiness was born a twin.
Byron—"Don Juan"

AND 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
Wordsworth—"Lines Written in Early Spring"

WHEN the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it.
William Blake—"Laughing Song"

YET—In the poor man's garden grow,
Far more than herb and flowers,
Kind thoughts, contentment, peace of mind,
And joy for weary hours.
Mary Howitt—"The Poor Man's Garden"

ONE makes one's own happiness only by taking care of the happiness of others. —*Saint-Pierre*

HE whom the inevitable cannot overcome is unconquerable. —*Epictetus*

A SOUND Mind in a sound Body, is a short but full description of a happy State in this World.
Locke—"Thoughts Concerning Education"

THE BOOK OF HAPPINESS

LAUGH and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Ella Wheeler Wilcox—"Solitude"

TO me at least was never evening yet
But seemed far beautifuller than its day.
Robert Browning—"The Ring and the Book"

TO be strong
Is to be happy!
Longfellow—"Christus"

THE more the merrier.
Gascoigne—"Works"

THE loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun: so violets blue;
So the soft star-like primrose—drenched in dew—
The happiest of spring's happy, fragrant birth.
Keble—"Miscellaneous Poems"

AN ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.
Baxter—"Self-denial"

A WISE man sees as much as he ought, not as much as he can. —*Montaigne*

THE long days are no happier than the short ones.
Bailey—"Festus"

THEY laugh that win.
Shakespeare—"Othello"

NOW happiness consists in activity; such is the constitution of our nature: it is a running stream, and not a stagnant pool. *Good*—"The Book of Nature"

HOME is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace, and plenty; where
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.
Thomson—"The Seasons"

BUT every house where Love abides
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet, home;
For there the heart can rest.
Henry Van Dyke—"Home Song"

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove.
James Beattie—"Hermit"

TRUE happiness ne'er entered at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
Young—"Night Thoughts"

THERE is an hour in each man's life appointed
To make his happiness, if then he seize it.
Beaumont and Fletcher—"Custom of the County"

THE pursuit of the perfect, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light.
Matthew Arnold—"Culture and Anarchy"

THE DEBT

BECAUSE the years are few, I must be glad,
Because the silence is so near, I sing:
'Twere ill to quit an inn where I have had
Such bounteous fare, nor pay my reckoning.
I would not from some gleaming parapet
Of Sirius or Vega bend my gaze
On a remembered sparkle and regret
That from it thanklessly I went my ways
Up through the starry colonnades, nor found
Violets in any paradise more blue
Than those that blossomed on my own waste ground,
Nor vespers sweeter than the robins knew.

Though Earth be but an outpost of delight,
Heaven's wild frontier by tragedy beset,
Only a Shakespeare may her gifts requite,
Only a happy Raphael pay his debt.
Yet I—to whom, even as to those, are given
Cascading foam, emblazoned butterflies,
The moon's pearl chariot through the massed clouds
driven,
And the divinity of loving eyes—
Would make my peace now with mine hostess, Earth,
Give and take pardon for all brief annoy,
And toss her, far beneath my lodging's worth,
Poor that I am, a coin of golden joy.

—*Katharine Lee Bates*

THE life of the husbandman—a life fed by the bounty of earth and sweetened by the airs of heaven.

Douglas Jerrold—"Jerrold's Wit"

LIVE with men as if God saw you; converse with God as if men heard you.

Seneca—"Epistolae Ad Lucilium"

OUR content
Is our best having.

Shakespeare—"Henry VIII"

A THING seriously pursued affords true enjoyment.

Seneca—"Epistles"

AT earth's great market where Joy is trafficked in,
Buy while thy purse yet swells with golden Youth.

Alan Seeger—"Ode to Antares"

HAPPINESS lies in the consciousness we have of it, and by no means in the way the future keeps its promises.

George Sand—"Handsome Lawrence"

EVERY age has its pleasures, its style of wit, and its own ways. *Nicholas Boileau*—"Despreaux"

HEALTH and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.
Addison—"Spectator"

TROUBLE is a bubble that we ourselves must blow,
But merriment is heaven-sent for mortals here below. —*Wilbur D. Nesbit*

THUS happiness depends, as Nature shows,
Less on exterior things than most suppose.
Cowper—"Table Talk"

HEALTH is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy.
Izaak Walton—"The Compleat Angler"

OUR TROUBLES

THEY are the grime that comes from fear,
From fretting and from worry,
From what we do or do not hear—
We'll lose them in a hurry.
May happiness come as a soap
To make the laughter—bubbles,
And wash away with cheer and hope
Each one of all our troubles!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit*

THE Cheerful live longest in years, and afterwards in our regards. Cheerfulness is the offshoot of goodness.

—*Boves*

IN the nine heavens are eight Paradises;
Where is the ninth one? In the human breast.
Only the blessed dwell in th' Paradises,
But blessedness dwells in the human breast.

Wm. R. Alger—"Oriental Poetry"

HAPPINESS is neither within us; nor without us; it is the union of ourselves with God. —*Pascal*

OH, the heart is a free and a fetterless thing,—
A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing.
Julia Parode—"The Captive Greek Girl"

IN nothing do men more nearly approach the gods than in giving health to men.
Cicero—"Pro Ligario"

HAPPINESS is unrepented pleasure.
—*Socrates*

WHAT'S the use of worrying?
It never was worth while, so
Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
And smile, smile, smile.
George Asaf—"Smile, Smile, Smile"

ENOUGH is as good as a feast.
Joshua Sylvester—"Works"

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

—*Emerson*

A CHEERFUL life is what the Muses love,
A soaring spirit is their prime delight.
Wordsworth—"From the Dark Chambers"

SONG

THE year's at the spring,
And the day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!

—*Robert Browning*

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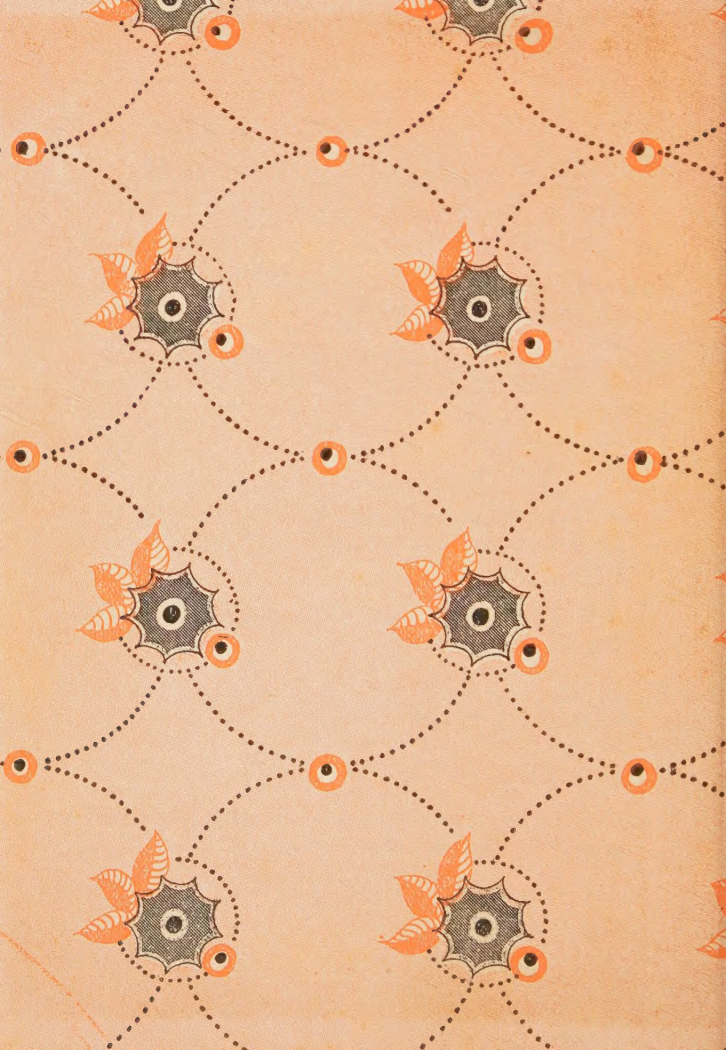

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